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PASSING AT  
CUCKOO WEIR

Murray

## ‘MEMORIES OF ETON AND ETONIANS’\* BY ALFRED LUBBOCK

MR. LUBBOCK describes his pleasant, chatty book as ‘all this cricketing talk,’ and, in a sense, he describes it rightly, for a large portion of the pages are given over to cricket. But it does much more than discuss the one game as he remembered its exponents at Eton and later. He causes to pass before us a great number of well-known people, at a period of their lives most interesting to look back upon.

The author entered upon his school life at the age of eight. At the end of the first term he went home with a small prize, and, being asked what it had been gained for, replied that he did not know, but thought it was for good health. The school was divided into ‘wet bobs and dry bobs,’ and we are able to give an illustration of the former, or the ‘passing at Cuckoo Weir.’ All the boys were obliged to show their proficiency in swimming before they were allowed to enter a boat. Mr. Lubbock describes a case of his being swamped, which vividly recalls our

own difficulties with a ‘funny’ in the odious purlieu of Barnwell Pool. Some of the reproductions of early photographs are delicious: the initial letters drawn by Mr. A. K. Womrath give some of the nooks and corners of Eton. There seems to be something very wicked about us all, in view of the way we enjoy the escapades of these youngsters more than their later successes. Yet the escapade looked back upon from the later success is perhaps, and with reason, best of all. ‘When I first saw you I thought it was you, but now I see it’s your brother,’ is true of some of Mr. Lubbock’s school-fellows, for one of them used to say his lesson, go out, and return to say it for his brother in order that the latter might ‘take a long lie in bed.’ The author had a very wise way with his punishments. Rather than lose the sunny hours outside, by writing out impositions, he ignored them, and took the necessary swishing instead. The ‘Bibulous Captain,’ whose brandy and soda disappeared from the window-sill, must have been the same

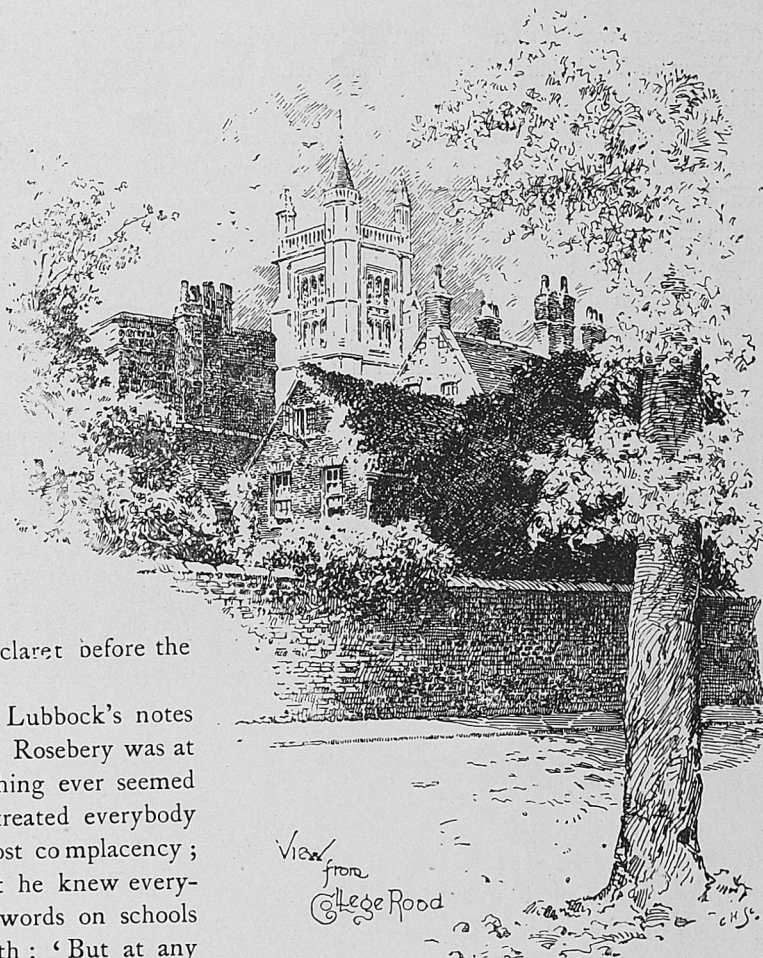
\* London: John Murray. Price 9s.

## A HISTORY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE

man who tried to pour out his claret before the cork was drawn.

Here is a specimen of Mr. Lubbock's notes on his contemporaries:—'Lord Rosebery was at Eton as Lord Dalmeny. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle or put him out; he treated everybody and everything with the utmost complacency; he never appeared to work, yet he knew everything.' These are the latest words on schools of this same complacent youth: 'But at any rate we are sure of this, that in England our schools have turned out men. They have been the best schools of manhood the world has ever seen, and if they have succeeded in that, I, for one, put all the studies, science, classics, and mathematics in a secondary position.' Then we have Lord Jersey cutting his name 'in big, bold characters' on the table; Bishop Selwyn answering to the name of 'Billy'; Lord Justice A. L. Smith in the M.C.C. eleven at Paris, where we are reminded of those single-wicket matches which were in vogue in those early days. As to the biggest hitter in cricket, we, too, have seen C. J. Thornton hit, and on one occasion when he was taken by Smith in one hand as he lay back on the hedge at Fenners; but he never seemed to us to hit like that mighty stroke of Bonnor, which sent the ball into the middle of the next field at Harrogate.

We have still to learn what measures the head clerk took to discourage cricket and instil banking into Mr. Lubbock's mind.



WINCHESTER TOWER  
AND WARDEN'S  
LODGINGS

(Duckworth & Co.)

## A HISTORY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE\* BY ARTHUR F. LEACH

IN the book which we have just noticed (*Memories of Eton*) there is a good deal said about the cricket matches between Eton and Winchester, its mother; the author of that book in one of them made 174 not out. We do not see the name of the author of the present one in the opposing eleven, but he has given us a very good work. It is a scholarly attempt to get at the truth in spite of all fictions and traditions which obscure it. We are shown what

\* Duckworth & Co. Price 6s. net.